BEAUTY.

WOMEN PAST AND PRESENT COM-PARED BY ADMIRING EXPERTS.

Women of To-day are Far More Beautifu than Their Grandmothers Wore-Changer in the Taste for Beauty-The Lovelless Women in the Eastern Memisphere are in Asia and not in Europe.

From Oa Rt. James's Gentle. "Yes, she's decidedly pretty; but not half so pretty as her mother was at her age!" How often do we hear this remark when we venture o praise some beauty of the present day. It suggests an important question; whether the standard of beauty is changing; and if so, whether women are more or less beautiful than they used to be. This is a question which may, happily, be answered to the entire satisfaction of the present generation. There can be no reasonable doubt that there is greater beauty now, and more of it, than at any previous time.

No woman has been more celebrated for her

eauty than Mary Queen of Scots; but if she were to walk unannounced into a London irawing room to-day it is doubtful if she would cause much remark. It is true we can hardly realize what Mary was like; we are not even sure of the color of her hair or her eyes. The various authentic portraits of her are strango-

sure of the color of her hair or her eyes. The various authentic portraits of her are strangoly disaimilar. They only agree in this; that they all show us a face which disappoints us. As we are not satisfied with a degree of beauty which was amough for Mary's contemporaries, which sent the men of her day off their heads, and filled her cousin Elizabeth with deadly lealousy—the inference is that the standard of beauty has risen, and the rise has probably been gradual and constant. Such generation making a certain advance on its prodeceasor. One can hardly resist a conclusion of this kind after looking over a collection of portraits of a single family for three or four centuries, such as one may see in any large old country house. The further back we go the plainer the ancestors become, and if we begin with the earliest and trace them down to the present time, we find them steadily improving as we advance.

It may be said that this is the fault of the old painters, who did not know how to make good likenesses. But no one has ever looked at Holbein's portraits of Henry VIII., full of life and character as they are, without feeling that the real Henry stands before him. And if Holbein angive us such a life-like representation of Henry, can he be incompetent to give us any idea of Anne Boleyn? Yet the beauty of Anne Boleyn, as Holbein represents it—the fatal beauty which lured Henry from his allegiance to Catherine—is certainly not such as we should rave about now. And the bost possible proof that Holbein was quito as able to flatter his sitters as some later artists is the fact that it was his pleture of Anne of Cleves which decided Henry to wed that Princess, though the royal Bluebeard is described as fearfully "discouraged and amazod" when she appeared before him in person. It seems evident, therefore, that the ideal beauty of the sixteenth century was inferior to that of the nineteenth; and this can only have been due to the absence of a higher degree of beauty upon which to form the ideal.

There is a considera

Charles L. as painted by Vandyck, are about the first who are really pretty according to our ideas, though the really pretty according to our ideas, though the really pretty according to our ideas, though the real according to our ideas, though the real according to a the pretty and the resemblace of Henrietta Maria. Alses them look a little monotonous Judging from their portraits these ladies of the Restoration period must have been at least as pretty as their mothers, with more variety about their style; the points in which they mostly resemble each other being a softners and sensuousness, due to a not unnatural rebound when the strain of Puritan primness was suddenly removed.

A jump of another century lands us in the midst of those great masters who have left us such a full and splendid record of all that was noble and beautiful in the days when George III. was King. One's list impression on visiting a collection of Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs is that all the women of that time must have been lovely and the painters lucky to get such subjects. One's second impression, however, is apt to be that the sitters were lucky to have such painters, for the real attraction is more often in the pictures than in the laces. Not that there ace not plenty of beautiful faces among them, but that beauty is by no means universal, and, further, that there is no beauty on the canvass of the last century which could not be easily matched to-day. We have only to look at the pictures of the famous Gunnings to be assign matched to-day. We have only to look at the pictures of the famous Gunnings to be assign matched to-day. We have only to look at the pictures of the famous Gunnings to other ladies attending the drawing room clinabed upon the chairs and tables to get a gimpse of them. We have were prosented at court the other ladies attending the drawing room clinabed upon the chairs and tables to get a gimpse of them. We not the morning. We do not see any such enthusiasm now, and we are apt to think it is because we have nothing less than our forbears did, but that we have more of it, and therefore it excites us less.

As to beauty in the present day, it is quite unnecessary to speak. No one who keeps his eyes open can fail to be struck by it. It is not merely that there are more beauties of the first order than there seem ever to have been before, but that beauty has become so very general. Any one who wishes to test this has only to take his stand in Piccadilly and watch the stream of life rolling past him in carriages and on foot; and if he does not see in one afternoon more pretty faces than in all the Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs he knows he will be very unfortunate. Indeed, it is hardly possible to dony that in this matter of beauty, at least, our age has gone a good deal ahead of all its prodecessors.

sible to dony that in this matter of beauty, at least, our age has gone a good deal shead of all its prodecessors.

Prom the Pall Mall Gazette.

The St. James's Gazette fluds that we live in the most beautiful age of the world. It strikes me, who of the world would be an easier taken pen in hand, that to enumerate the plain women of the world would be an easier task than to recken up the beauties. On that polutan old travellor would speak without hesitation—if he kept his vyoon the civilized races, at least. It might be di diouit to compare the ugliness, respectively, of a female Bosiesman and a Mosquito Indian aguaw, for example. But he would pronounce at once that the lussian is the plainest woman he has seen in Europe—inless, indeed, the Greek of Greece should be put before her: one must be carried into the say Greek ununalified, for in the islands and the Turkish ports. where some aguar women abound. It becomes more the fashion for wealthy members of this, the true race, to keep a house in the capital, and Athens can show a galaxy of loveliness during the winter, no doubt. But I was a summer visitor for two months, and in that time I beheld but one face that could be termed even passable; the girl proved to be Hungarian. It is not quite se bad as that in St. Petersburg—where also I resided out of the season—because the Cazer was there, and very many ladies of the Court have mixed blood.

But plainness is certainly not characteristic of Blavs in general Folish women rank among the most beautiest to declare that they have no givals. In riding once from Cattaro to Cettinge, I found the lower stretches of that tremendous mountain road thronged with women and girls of the lowland—on pilgrimage, perhaps. Every one of those provided with women and girls of the lowland—on pilgrimage, perhaps. Every one of those provided with women and contained health and contained with the world have been the array of beauty. I seemed to me, struggling through the count in the season of the macoline and outstreached. They even too

been used perhaps as a hospital—it was littered with rags and miscellaneous effects. A dozen young girls, in their long blue house dress, were gathering these odds and ends togother in a beap. They showed no alarm at my appearance in the doorway, but pressed together and stood in a little throng, gravely staring. The action and the look had a curious resemblance to the behavior of mountain sheep under like circumstances; if I had approaried further, perhaps, for more than two or three good-looking among a dozen English girls. It is my strong impression that every one of these was tall, fair, rosy, blue-ered, and pretty; several were beautiful. The Ghegghe women must be among the loveliest of Furope, if they be as much superior to ble Took as the men certainly are. But Albanian good looks vanished by migration to direct. The true Helichic beat, and Peninsula. Even in necessary wilcose, thore are a few secluded districts where the divine beauty of old survives; and I incline to credit; for in the Evzone battalions, recruited among the mountain youth perfect faces of the classic cast, and tall supple figures proportioned like that of the Apolio, may be seen sometimes. The most famous of those Hellenic refuges is a valley in the neighborhood of Cape Matapan containing 200 households, among whom, as erthusiasts declare, all the gross and containing artist will visit it. In Servis and Bulgaria and graceful beauty is quite startling among her dull and stolid kinstolk. I make no doubt that this is an example of 'throwing back," as fanciers say; the Hellenic blood asserting along the first says, the Hellenic blood asserting and graceful beauty is quite startling among her dull and stolid kinstolk. I make no doubt that this is an example of 'throwing back," as fanciers say; the Hellenic blood asserting and graceful beauty is quite startling among her dull and stolid kinstolk. I make no doubt that this is an example of 'throwing back," as fanciers say; the Hellenic blood asserting a containing the formal and arranged the

NEW YORK'S NEED OF ALLEYS. They Would Relieve the Streets of Much Dirt and Many Blockades.

Instead of square after square of compact masonry, suppose the city of New York had those modern conveniences of most American cities-alleys. What would be the saving in time and money to business men? "It would be really incalculable," said a

down-town merchant, "Just witness the blockades, so frequent on down-town streets, and wonder if it would not be well for trucks to have a separate right of way. Look for a moment at these innumerable vehicles drawn up in front of basiness houses, with their ceaseless loading and unloading, to the great annoyance of passing teams and pedes trians. Then, is there anything more disagreeable than the continual passing to and agreeable than the continual passing to and fro of every description of refuse on business streets? Thirty minutes' delay from any of these causes, and a business man may miss a sale of \$100. \$500, or \$1.000 worth of goods. This repeated every day makes a big loss at the end of a year. However, there is no use in grumbling over it. New York cannot have alleys now. The founders of our city settled that for us." The year 1642 appears to be the earliest date In which grants or deeds were issued for town jots below Wall street. Up to that time settlers had occupied localities by unwritten sanction, and buildings were erected with little regard to uniformity. The early Dutch settlers had learned too thoroughly the value the regard to uniformity. The early Dutch settlers had learned too thoroughly the value of every square inch of ground in their mother country to be lavish with it here. Old maps of the city admirably disclose the characteristic massing together of shops and dwelling. The cleanly and economical habits of the Dutch were at variance with later-day life. The pioneer people had no need for bask thoroughfares. Besides their idea of defence from the sea, they possessed the great commercial instinct of concentrating the business of a city. Long distances were avoided, trade was centralized, and its marts were compactly located. The first general survey is the subject of an interesting part of New York's historical records. Many of the streets then laid out have remained unchanged. Lower Broadway, called the Great Highway, was then, as now, the popular thoroughfare. In property on this street speculation was rife even at that early day. It is stated that fow of the original grantees occupied lots, but fenced them in and disposed of them in after yoars for building purposes. New Yorkers who retain a remembrance of the city thirty or forty years ago can recall the axistence of alleys on upper Broadway and in its viginity; but the attempt to encourage the building of them must have proved futile, as they have entirely disappeared.

VAGABONDS OF TIDE AND FIELD. Adirondack Murray on the Wholesome De-lights of Outdoor Life,

Adirendack Murray on the Wholesoms Delights of Outdoor Life.

Prom Forest and Strain.

What a splendid freemasonry this is of outdoor life! How gentle and generous its rivalries! Which head shall dive deepest in the cool depths or speck the white surf furthest from shore? Which rod shall lift the heaviest from shore? Which rod shall lift the heaviest from shore? Whose deck shall shine the cleanest. or whose white sails shall lend the fleet to evening's anchorage? Whose table of bark shall boast of the tenderest venison or lodge front display for ornament the noblest spread of antiers? Whose rifle is truest to the camp when food is scarce, or is slient longest when game is plenty and the larder over full? These are the generous and healthy rivalries of the outdoor life which stimulate, but never fret, and leave both victor and vanquished healthy and happy still. Compare with these the scramhle for wealth; the rivalries for gain: the suicidal despair of some; the vain and boastful bearing of others; the bitterness and ruin of those who lose; the arrogance of those who win; the sneering envyings and ranking jealousies, ripening to hatred as the years grow on, which characterize the lives men live in store, office, and street, and note the contrast.

Who of us frank-spoken and kind-hearted vagabonds of tide and field, of deck and camp, are envious of any? Each man we meet is comrade, fellow-picalcker, brother-man, partner of ours in the sweet profits of our healthy, happy, natural life. Mid-mannered and light-hearted wanderers; boys with smooth or wrinkled faces, gray-headed some of us, but boys still, thank God; canoists, campers, yealtemen, our lires are lighted on a thousand lakes and Island-studded rivers. We are a family of nature's saints. Our spirits have been touched and softened by the sweet grace of nature. We have been indoctrinated in the truths that shine out of stars and which the blue heavens declare at noon and night. The leaves of the catchism we have studied have been the flowery meadows. The wore

AN OPINION ABOUT SHARKS.

MR. HERMAN OFLERCUS SAYS THEY DO NOT BITE MEN. He Will Give \$500 for Proof to the Contrary-His During Plunge in Front of a Shark to Prove His Theory-It Stands,

Where a man advances an opinion which is n direct conflict with the convictions of the world at large he must expect to be derided. That is perfectly plain. A number of men who have been famous in the world's history have been more or less wounded in their tenderest feelings, and some have even been persecuted in horrible ways because they tried to set up new-langled ideas on their own hook. When, therefore, Mr. Herman Ociriclis, the mil-lionaire, clubman, and athlete advanced a new and startling theory, which disturbed the settled conviction of humanity upon an interesting subject, a conviction that has existed since Adam first learned wisdom, it was only natural that he was looked upon with suspicion. The wise men of Spain who first heard Columbus say that the earth was round were not more astonished than was the select circle of the Waywayanda Club to which Mr.

Oelrichs first declared that sharks don't bite.

When one thinks of the thousands of men and women of irreproachable character who have given evidence since the creation of the world that sharks do bite, when one recalls the myriad heroes of youthful romances who have rescued beautiful maidens from sharks' jaws. when one reads so frequently of individuals who have suffered disaster through the maneating propensities of sharks, it seems impossible that Mr. Oelrichs can be right.

Sit down for just a few minutes and ponder over the number of man-eating sharks you have read of in telegraphic despatches to the newspapers. Try and figure up the average number of victims attributed to each shark, and add up these averages. Isn't it a grand, or rather mouraful, total? Can it be true that all these are creatures of the imagination; that man-eating sharks must be classed with the doubtful sea serpent, and that these myriad tales are so many lies to be placed at the doors of dead and living?

As the representative of one of the leading German steamship lines. Mr. Oelrichs is well acquainted with the sea. He has crossed the ocean many times. He is an enthusiast in yachting matters, a splendid swimmer, and a clever fisherman. It seems that he has made a specialty of sharks, and the startling dictum quoted at the opening of this article was not the idle passing remark of a rattle-brained youth, but the outcome of a mature and experienced man's reflections. It was first promulgated publicly at a gathering of the choice spirits of the Waywayanda

Club during the summer. This club is famous throughout New York State. Its members are prominent in this city in political, financial prominent in this city in political, financial, and commercial circles. Many of the headlights of Tammany Hall are included in the list. Ex-Sheriff Flack, whose political fortunes were so suddenly checked by the exposure of his conspiracy against his wife, was President of the Waywayanda at the time of his downfall. The club house and grounds are located on Fire Island Inlet, one of the best places on Long Island for men who love to fish and swim and sail. Long Island for men who love to ilsh and swin and sail.

On this particular occasion there was a big crowd at the house. On the veranda, besides Mr. Oeirichs, sat such well-known New Yorkers as Judge Clancy, Judge Van Wyck, Jake 'kubino of Wall street, the Slater brothers, and Richard Cunningham. Several large parties were out flehing. It was hot, and the glare on beach and water made it pleasant to sit in the shade and sip frappé, fizz and other ecoling stimulants. Just what started the talk about sharks has been forgotten by those present, but somebody made the romark that there had been a good many sharks around during the season, and it was a wonder that no casualties lad resulted among the more venturesome bathers. Mr. Oelrichs lazily withdrew his perfecto from between his lips and allowed a volume of smoke to curl lazily upward before he said: "Theats don't hit?"

perfecto from between his lips and allowed a volume of smoke to curi lazily upward before he said:

"Bosh! Sharks don't bita."

Then he replaced the cigar in his mouth and puffed contemplatively. His listeners looked at him for a moment in amazement. Then one of them said:

"That was a strange remark, Herman."

"I mean it," said Mr. Oelrichs.
"Do-you-mean-to-say-in-sober-carnest-that-sharks-won't-bite-a-human-being?" asked Judge Clancy, with the deliberation belitting his official position.

"That's just what I mean." replied Mr. Oelrichs. "I have given the matter a great deal of study, and I know that no shark has ever bitten a human being."

"Nonsense," said everybody at once, and several began to tell of friends who had friends who had seen sharks bite off the limbs of unfortunates, some of whom had afterward recovered and were living evidences of the incorrectness of Mr. Oelrichs's assertion. At the close of their remarks Mr. Oelrichs said quietly:

"I will bet \$250 that there is not a single au-

close of their remarks and quietly:
"I will bet \$250 that there is not a single authentic instance of a man. woman, or child having been bitten by a shark. I will give that amount to any person who will advance the amount to any person who will advance the evidence to prove a single case of shark bite."

The others looked at him blankly. Confident as they felt of the incorrectness of his position, none of them dared to take the bet; and the more they pondered over it the more they felt that he had the advantage of them at that time, because not one had ever seen a shark bite aman or felt sufficient confidence in the assertions of others to feel warranted in staking any money upon them. Nevertheless, they not only declined to be convinced, but even ridicaled Mr. Oeirfelts.

As if to put Mr. Oelrichs to a test of his theory, just at that moment, a big shark appeared in the inlet. It was in plain sight of the party on the vernuds, and sent a thrill through every one except Mr. Osirichs. The latter got up lazily and said, as caimly as ever:

"There, gontlomen, is a chance to test our opinions."

Without another word he ran down to the water's edge, stripped quickly in sight of his horrified friends, and immed in boldly. The

wery one except Mr. Osirichs. The latter got up lazily and said, as caiminy as ever:

"There, gontlemen, is a clause to test our opinions."

Without another word he ran down to the water's edge, stripped quickly in sight of his horrified friends, and jumped in boldly. The shark was not far away and swimming toward Oolrichs. As he came on, his body was visible from dorsal fin to tail fin, or two-thirds of his entire length. The smallest estimate placed upon his length was ten feet. The tide was running flood, but the shark could not get over the har in the inlet.

Oelrichs, who is a strong swimmer, didn't find much difficulty in getting out to where the shark was visible. As he came close to the monster, his excited friends on the veranda arose from their seats and stood in painful anxiety, expecting every moment to see the monstrous is seeded from a number of the winnesses thought they shall began to move quickly. In their excitement some of the wilnesses thought they saw the shark turn over and dart for obliviths in accepted style, with the cavernous mouth open and the cross-saw teeth visible. Was the foolbardy man going to be the first victim of his ridioulous theory? Presently a unanimous sigh of relief showed that their fears had been groundless. Instead of moving toward the daring swimmer the monster was going in the opposite direction. Ho was swimming rapidly, too, and actually appeared to have been frightened away by the human apparation. The black back could be seen going toward the opposite direction. Ho was swimming rapidly, too, and actually appeared to have been frightened away by the human apparation. The black back could be seen going toward the opposite direction. Ho was swimming rapidly, too, and actually appeared to have been frightened away by the human apparation. The black back could be seen going toward the open seen and the would range Clancy related his appeared to have been frightened away be fine from convinced. The fact that one shark and one relate how when he had a house of his firm

earn \$500 by applying to Mr. Oelrichs at his office in Bowling Green.

Mr. Oelrichs may frequently be seen along the water front in search of sailors who have been alleged to have had encounters with sharks. He has spoken to many of the officers and crews of vossels that visit the southern waters, especially the Wost Indian seas, and says he feels more confidence than ever in the truth of his theory. The knowledge of the reward he has offered has been spread throughout the merchant marine and hundreds of scafarers have their eyes and ears open for opportunities to earn the \$500.

One of the stories that reached Mr. Oelricha's ears came very near to destroying his, faith. Two boys had been in bathing in New York llay off South Brooklyn, when one of them was seized and almost disappeared. He was resented with difficulty, and when brought to shore was almost insensible, while blood was pouring from a large wound in his back. The boys asserted that it was the result of a shark's bite, and several of the physicians declared emphatically that the marks of the brute's teeth were plainty visible. The other doctors were not so certain. As seen as Mr. Oelrichs heard of this case he began an investigation. The boys stuck to their story, and both gave detailed descriptions of the appearance of the shark. They even produced witnesses, who declared that they, too, had seen him. Then Mr. Oelrichs saw the physicians, who strengthened the boy's story and correspondingly lessened Mr. Oelrichs's belief in his own strengthened the boy's story and correspondingly lessened Mr. Oelrichs's belief in his own strengthened the boy's story and correspondingly lessened Mr. Oelrichs's belief in his own theory. But he was determined to sift the story thoroughly and so he examined the boy's back himself. The sears of the wound were regular while the latter were not. They he had the bay dragged where the boy's back, and, being bent, had held him for a few moments until his struggles had ireed him.

The truth of this theory was proved to the sa

KAIN AND RAILWAY BUILDING. Their Coincidence a Knotty Problem for North Woodsmen.

NORTHWOOD, Oct. 24.-Until recently many folks in this and adjacent villages were firm believers in Jerry Rusk's rain-production theories. Very few, if any, had ever heard of these, but their own experiences had led them to conclusions similar to those arrived at by the great agriculturalist. Just now, however the opinions on the subject are undergoing a change. Folks don't know just what to believe, and the opinions advanced in the village grocerics are varied. All this is due to the operations of the workingmen building the extension to the Herkimer and Poland Railroad, which was purchased some time ago by Dr. Seward Webb.

All last summer the laborers were blasting their way through the rocks in the district between this village and Forestport. The reports of the explosions were frequently heard at fifteen-minute intervals for many successive days. Even at night the low, dull "booms' broke the quiet. The stillness of night in this sparsely settled country is usually intense, and when the explosions were first heard people were greatly startled. The dogs, ignorant of the beneficent purposes of the explosions. were suspicious, and at every farm house sleep was rendered all but impossible because of the barking of the watchdogs and the baying of hounds. The latter evidently thought that the reports were from the guns of hunters, and they grieved at being unable to join in the sport. For some time the farmers kept busy long after proper bedtime trying to persuade their dogs by time trying to persuade their dogs by gentle and other means that all was well. Of course all those unusual circumstances had their affect upon the nerves of a quiet-loving people. The women became timorous and the men swore. "Dod blust them railroad fellers," said more than one farmer, "can't they rest at night like honest folks?"

men swore.
"Dod blust them railroad fellers," said more than one farmer, "can't they rest at night like honest folks?"
But the laborers, probably ignorant of the trouble they were creating, continued to work in relays twenty-four hours every day, including Sundays. After a while the farmers succeeded in quieting the dogs; but more annoying results of the blasting were soon observed. Never have the farmers known such a rainy summer as the last one. Although crops were large, it was almost impossible to get in the oats and buckwheat in good condition. Most of the farmers had to take chances in storing these in their barns undried, and the result in many instances was that mildew set in and much of the crop had to be thrown away. All the farmers were convinced that the rain was due to the blasting, although there was a difference in opinion as to how this influence worked.

Those farmers who go fishing and hunting on Sundays and rarely visit the little church in the village had an indistinct idea that the cannonading affected the clouds that are always lurking somewhere round the mountains: but the regular attendants upon the

canonating anceted the clouds that are in-ways turking somewhere round the moun-tains; but the rogular attendants upon the Rev. Mr. Oranger's services and the weekly prayer meetings had the blame upon the vio-lations of the Sunday rest, and felt that it was a manifestation of the Lord's anger.

prayer meetings laid the blame upon the violations of the Sunday rest, and felt that it was
a manifestation of the Lord's anger.

To the surprise of everybody the rains usual
at this time of year have not come, and the
autumn has been remarkable for its gloriously
clear skies. The same farmers who have complained all summer of the superabundant rains
have been suffering all through the fall for
lack of them. All the mountain streams were
exceedingly low during September and early
October, and even now the rains are lifful.
For a considerable period much inconvenience
resulted. Some of the most reliable springs
dried up, among them several never known to
fall before. In this village only two or three
remained constant in their supply, and for a
long time the farmers have had to fetch water
from these to their homes to provide what was
absolutely necessary for the stock and household. Every morning these farmers might be
seen driving to the wells with their wagons
filled with empty pails and barrels. There
they would take turns in getting the water,
and, as the operation took some time, those
who were waiting would take the opportunity
of speculating as to the cause of the drought.
As the blasting had continued as violently
as ever, all those who had ascribed
the rains of the summer to this, on pure
ly natural and scientific grounds, were nonplussed. But the believers in Divine wrath
adhere to their original conclusions. It rained,
they say, when, according to all precedent, it
should have been dry; now it is dry, when
according to all precedent it should be wet.

One result of these phenomena has been an
increase of attendance at diving services; another has been an increase in the dislike of
the railroad's operations. Meantime the sugar
maples have taken on most beautiful coats of
autumn colors, and the hunters and campers
are rejoicing in the clear, bracing air.

SOME WEIGHTY QUESTIONS

That Are the Cause of Disputes Between American and English Puglilats. There always has been a clash when an at-

tempt is made to make a match between pugilists in this country and those from abroad, on account of the vast difference in the standard weight of all classes in both countries. To prevent and overcome these difficulties our English brothren have suggested that there be an international schedule regulating the weights and classifying them under one rule. In England, Australia, and this country there is a vast difference in the classification of weights. In England and Australia a boxer

is a vast difference in the classification of weights. In England and Australia a boxer can pose as a bantam, but in this country he would come under the feather-weight clause, and in arranging a match between the bantam champion of this country and that of England there would be a difference of nearly eleven pounds in the Englishman's favor, and if he fights for the bantam championship of America he is required to reduce himself to the same weight of his opponent.

When George Dixon went to England to right Nune Wallace he was, according to their ideas, in the feather-weight class, and they claimed that Wallace could not well battle for the championship of that class, as it was held by another man and he had no claim on it.

The bantam weight in England is confined to all boxers inside of 116 pounds, while in this country it is confined to youngsters who can get under 105 pounds.

In the feather-weight class the Englishmen produce another tangle. This weight is claimed by Harry Overton, who forbids any one outside of 126 pounds from competing for it.

When Cal McOarthy branched out as a professional he set the standard weight at 115 pounds, which controlled the fights between himself and H rabscher, McGowen, Dixon, and Murphy. Some of the professionals think that the weight should be 118 pounds for amateurs, the professional 132 pounds, and in this country the amateur weight is limited at 135 pounds and the professional 132 pounds and in this country the amateur weight is limited at 135 pounds and the professional 133, which is the weight that the championships were fought for by Carney and Michellian and the countries: and if the other weight was and professionals in all the countries: and if the other weights would be the countries and professionals in all the countries; and if the other weights way in both countries; and if the other weights way in both countries; and if the other weights would seve considerable wrangling and trouble.

AT THE PLAY IN SAN DIEGO.

throats, were there by the score. And here and there in the audience which filled the theatre were Texas girls, born of sturdy American parents who had come here when this frontier was full of danger and excitement, and who had tolled and fought to establish and maintain their homes. These girls were all, without exception, pretty, and to the natural grace characteristic of the maiden who has lived always the free life of the Texas plains was added the subtle, delicate air of coquetry which overywhere distinguishes the women of Spanish descent, and which the Texas girls had taken on through constant association with their Mexican sisters. To be sure they were not clad in gowns cut

according to the latest caprice of Parisian modistes, nor would their confures have been pronounced correct by Fifth avenue hair architects, but they wore wonderfully becoming dresses of simple white, thin material, and, for the most part, their hair was brushed smoothly back over their shapely heads, à la Mexicana, with here and there a Texas lily deaming like a star in their tresses. Andnote this, ye maids and matrons of Gothamnot a woman in the theatre wore a hat or bonnet! They came there with fleecy nubias or ace sarapas arranged gracefully on their heads, and these they removed upon their entrance. So far as the women were concerned. they were, without exception, in full operatollets. On grand nights at the Metropolitan Opera House one will always see many women wearing bonnets or bats, and to the esthetic eye they appear almost as much out of place as a tweed business suit would at a full dress ball, but here in San Diego's little rough-boarded theatre there was nothing of the kind to shock the eye.

In that marvellous collection of pretty girls there were three or four who stood out from all the others in the perfection of their charms as so many jacqueminot roses in a bouquet of old-fashioned garden flowers. These three or four girls were more than pretty-they were all Mexicans-they were beautiful. They had that wonderful, pure, Madonna-like beauty which Northern eyes never see save in pictures of the Santa Maria painted by the old masters. Any one of the sefloritas of whom I am speak ing would have made a perfect model for paintngs of the idealized Madonna of the ancient Italian or Spanish schools. Murillo probably used their great, great, great grandmothers for his creations of the Holy Mother

Bah! The pen with which I have described in a poor, weak way the charms of the sweet girls who thronged that little teatro last night splutters the ink and jabs holes in the paper as I turn its use to telling of the men who escorted them thither. With a few notable exceptions they were of the hair-slicked-down-onthe-forehead, awkward-in-store-clothes order of mankind, and most of them did not have on white shirts. They were rough, good-natured. capital fellows, but they were not of the kind that one cared to see as escorts to those beautiful girls. It was like a hod carrier with a bunch of wood violets in his buttonhole. One would have wished to have the sefforitas surrounded by caballeros of the days of chivalry by haughty dons with courtly airs and flere mustachios, by slender youths with silken hose and ribbon-hung; mandolins. But, ther probably the sefforitas were satisfied with the store-clothed young men with slick semi-cir cles of hair on their foreheads, even if they

were not exactly picturesque.

The teatro, for such the barn-like structure is generally called in this two-thirds Mexican town, belongs to Mr. Solomon Levy, and he lets it out to travelling companies for \$10 s night, exclusive of lights. The light is fur-nished by kerosene lamps and lanterns hung in various parts of the leadro. For the foot-lights six lamps do duty, and the fly and wing lights are railroad lanterns hung in plain view of the audience. The hall will seat about five lights are railroad lanterns hung in plain view of the audience. The hall will seat about five bundred, with standing room for perhaps a hundred more. On one of the posts which helped to support the bare roof rafters was hung the sign, "No se funar." This was quite a necessary precaution in this eigarettepuffing community, for the means for ventilation in the leatro are by no means adequate. The walls were decorated in spots with American, Mexican, and British flags, although why the latter should have been chosen no one could tell. The stage was very small, and the drop curtain consisted of strips of white muslin sewed together. In the asise, and between the front row of seats—ordinary wooden chairs—and the stage, were very many dogs of various breeds, from long-pedigreed pointers to yellow Mexican curs. There were numbers of bables and small children at the teatro, too, and toward the close of the entertainment—it lasted until 1:30 A. M.—some of the little children lay on the floor asieep, with their heads resting on the bodies of their friends, the dozing dogs.

The entertainment last night was given by the "Compania Dramatica Solsona y Gonzalez," and it was for the "benefice de la Dama Joven Violante Solsona, to the tather of Violante. The names of the patrons of Señor and Señor printed on the "programa," and the programa was printed on tissue paper. There was also printed this stanze:

Condesa es terrible proeba Que casi pica en historia, En una dedicatoria Decir una cosa nueva.

The company appeared in the very doleful and terrible tragedy. "La Fornarina." Señorita Violante taking the part of Margarila la Fornarina and her father that of El Margues.

It was quite a remarkable tragedy as presented in Bolomon Levy's Leatro has night. The seanic effects and the costumes were like nothing ever seen on a metropolitan stage. There was one seen ewhich did duty for a garden, an ancestral hall, a boudoir, and a dungeon cell. The only changes in it were made by different arrangements of the chairs and tables, and by the introduction in the ancestral hall act of an easel with a picture on it. The picture was supposed to be that of El Margues, who had died in a duello and mysteriously come to life again. The face of the picture was unfortunately turned from the audience, but Margaria stood before it and addressed it with much emotion as "papa mio" several times in rapid succession. The easel was made of an old crippled step indice with whitewash stains on it. The lower edge of the picture rested upon one of the steps of the ladder and the upper edge was tied on with pieces of clothes line.

Margaria, who was a pretty Mexican girl, was dressed in a white gown which permitted glimpaes of her ankles, and her hair was arranged in a most becoming old-fashioned way, she wore low shoes with gold tassels. The old Marguess wore a black cloak, a big tin sword, circus trunks, and babriagan drawora. His socks were white and were rolled down to the tops of his congress galters to simulate white fur. He was a good actor, though, and he had a wonderfully deep toned base voice, indeed, they were all good actors, and as for Violante she was really remarkably clever. At times her touches of pathos brough and he had a wonderfully deep toned base voice. Indeed, they were all good actors, and as for Violante she was really remarkably clever. At times her touches of pathos brought tears to the eyes of Liout. S. Allen Dyer from Fort lies, and he showledge of the Mexican lingo is limited. He is here with the Government r

the camino with a lariat tied to his cabess? What! you don't understand? If I had known that I might have asked you in English. Adlos.

AT THE PLAY IN SAN DIEGO.

AMARINGLY PRETITY GIRLS AND PLENITY OF ODD FRATURES.

Mr. Science Levy Owns the Theatre and Lets St to Travelling Companies at all a Night-The Flay Lasts Till 1:66 A. M. San Diego. Tex. Cot. 12.—At the risk of incurring the displeasure of Gotham's fair dames and damsels I will make the statement that there were crowded into the queer little barnlike theatre, or issire, of this town last night Moreover perty women than any theatre in New York ever held at one time. The reason for this was that nearly every girl in the town was there, and there are nineteen pretty girls in this place to every plain one. There are cities a-plenty in the country which boast of their pretty girls—it would be a poor city that didn't—but, to my knowledge, none has so good a claim to leadership in this regard as little old San Diego on the line of the Mexican National Ralicoad about fifty miles southwest of Corpus Christi.

What peculiar climatic or other condition exists to cause this most charming state of things I cannot say; but certain it is that all the girls here are as lovely as they can be, and all the men are—well, just plain, ordinary, every-day men, with nothing about them to distinguish them from other Texans. Mexican seforitas with hair as black as night and dark, beautiful eyes fringed with a tangle of long lashes; with rich olive complexions, red lips, and gleaming white, even teeth; with delicately chieselled features and full, shapely throats, were there by the score. And here and there in the audience which filled the thearman staylish core is the filled payer. There were a with hair as black as night and dark, beautiful eyes fringed with a tangle of long lashes; with rich olive complexions, red lips, and gleaming white, even teeth; with delicately chieselled features and full, shapely throats, were there by the score. And here and there in the audience which filled the thearman staylide the the circle. These were the candidate the circle of the features and full, shapely throats, were

longed to the player. There were horribly grotesque figures of sacred personages at several places about the circle. These were the capital prizes.

After the fifteen-minute intermission the men strolled back into the 'teatro' with their stomachs full of tamales and coffee, and their pockets full of confections for the girls. A comic Spanish duet came next; then another intermission, and then a one-act comedy. It was a street scene for the comedy, but that seenery was the same as in the tragedy.

Just before the coinedy two young Mexicans from the audience clambered up on the stage carrying pasteboard boxes with them. When the curtain rose the Solsonas, father and daughter, came on the stage followed by the other actors. One of the young men made a speech in which he culogized and compilment the blushing Violante at great length. Then he opened one of the boxes and took a glided paper crown from it. The crown was covered with glided silver coins and artificial flowers. Violante knelt down and the young man placed the crown upon her fair head. It was too small, but Violante pressed it on hard and rose to her feet without its upsetting. Then the young man made another speech and took a red, white, and blue silk ribbon from the box. This was also thickly studded with glided money. He fastended this over one shoulder of Violante and the orchestra played a stirring march. Violante then made a speech. She spoke with ease and astonishing facility of expression, and thanked the audience for their glifts, which she said she would prize as her dearest possessions while she lived. She spoke for fully ten minutes.

The father then came in for his share. He also received a tricolored ribbon covered with money. It was hung about his neck, and then the young men, accompanied by a hairless Chihuahua dog, climbed down from the stage and the core of the actors all through. His voice was justed and following the actors voices.

It was too both the tragedy and comedy, keeping about his fa lap ahead of the actors all parts of the h

NEW FIELDS OF LABOR.

When Que Occupation Ceases Another and Greater Takes its Place. With the introduction of new machinery both men and materials are constantly thrown out of employment in some quarters, while new methods of employment are opened in other quarters. An application of typewriting machines, for instance, is to the production of copies of documents in cases where not enough copies are required to justify the expense of of copies before in use. For legal proceedings, when it is requisite during the trial of a case to produce a few copies of the minutes for the lawyers and the Court, typewritten copies are

ordinary type printing. The typewritten copies have thus supplanted various other styles almost universally used. This gives employment to mechanics in making the machine ink. Sometimes a typewritten copy is made in lithographic ink, and this may be transerred to stone and any number of copies printed. By the use of ink ribbon in the typewriting machine copies are made as indelible as any

writing. When Mrs. Langtry took a notion to wear dresses without buttons the result was the throwing out of employment of many button makers, but when the fashion of buckles and ornamental hairpina and hatpins came in there was a new demand for workmen. The rapid introduction of electric lighting has made a lot of gas fixtures obsolete and created demand for a new set of mechanics to make electrical apparatus. For many years gutta percha and India-rubber held the market for

a demand for a new set of mechanics to make electrical apparatus. For many years gutta percha and India-rubber held the market for a thousand toys and fancy goods, but celluloid came in for a share of the profits and soon afforded employment to thousands of workmen in great factories. Gutta percha has about gone out of the market, and India-rubber has become so valuable that nobody ever sees the all India-rubber shoes that used to keep dry the fect of our grandmothers.

The revival of the popularity of brass work has created a new industry and set thousands of men at work making beautiful brass goods for domestic utensils, fancy goods, and ornamental work.

The discovery and invention of Daguerre has undergone a thousand modifications and improvements, so that the original process has almost disappeared. Photo-engraving has almost entirely dispensed with the slow process of wood engraving, and has given employment to thousands of workmen in an entirely new branch of industry. A few years ago illustrated books were expensive. Now they are cheap, and an army of artists has been put to work on them.

Electro piating underwent a revolution when nickel plating came in. Now they plate with nickel buttons, stoyos, and steam engines, and all this gives employment to many workmen. The modern method of stereotyping with the use of a paper matrix has created a new industriation of the paper matrix has created a new industriation of the paper matrix has created a new industriation of the papers.

Thus along with the throwing out of employment of many workmen by the introduction of newspapers.

This along with the throwing out of employment of many workmen by the introduction of newspapers.

This along with the throwing out of employment of many workmen by methods of doing business. Many lanor-saving machines have been broken and boy-exted by workmen under the impression that the use of the machines would share the profession that the use of the machines would share the profession of the paper in the profession of the paper

FATE OF THE PENNIES

WHY IT IS THE MINT IS COINING CENTS BY MILLIONS.

Ninety-four Millions of Them Minted Last Tear, and Still the Cry is for More-Weight of a Dollar Bill-Mutilated Money, WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.-What becomes of all the pennies?

It seems to be with them very much as it is with pins-nobody knows where and how they disappear. Yet they vanish in some fashion. Last year the Philadelphia Mint coined 94. 000,000 pennies. It would take a good-sized building to hold so many, but they did not begin to supply the never-satisfied demand for more. Just now the establishment referred to is hard at work manufacturing further sup-

plies, and so it will continue.

Bronze cents are subject to more accidents than happen to any other United States coins. It is said that a penny changes hands in trade ten times for once that a dime passes from one pocket to another. Being of small value, these little pieces are not taken much care of. There are a thousand ways in which they get out of circulation, and thus the minting of them has to be kept up continually. The metal blanks from which they are made by the simple process of stamping are turned out for Uncle Sam by contract by a factory in Connecticut at the rate of a thousand for \$1. As they come from the machines, fresh and new, they look like glittering gold.

One may get a notion of the number of pen-

ies lost from the history of the old half cents. Of these, 800,000 were issued a few years ago. Where are they now? A few are in the cabinets of coin collectors. None have been re-turned to the mint for recoinage or are held by the Treasury. Nobody sees them in circulation. All of them except some hundreds saved out by curio hunters have absolutely disappeared. Of the old copper pennies, 119,000,000 still remain unaccounted for, save that once in a long while one sees a specimen. There are more than 3,000,000 bronze twocent pieces somewhere out of 4,500,000 of them that the Government issued. Of nickel three-cent pieces, nearly 2,000,000 are yet outstanding, although it is seldom that one of them is come across.

In the Treasury here one day this week the

question came up as to the weight of a dollar bill. Scales of perfect accuracy were brought into requisition, and the surprising discovery was made that twenty-seven one-dollar notes weighed exactly as much as a twenty-dollar gold piece. The latter just balances 540 grains. However, the bills weighed were perfectly crisp and new. Trial made with soiled notes, such as come in every day for redemption, showed that twenty-seven of them weighed considerably more than the \$20 coin.

notes, such as come in every day for redemption, showed that twenty-seven of them weighed considerably more than the \$20 coin. Every paper dollar on its way through the world continually accumulates dirt, so that afters a year of use it is perceptibly heavier.

The actual weight of paper money which the Treasury sends by express every year to all parts of the country is in the aggregate enormous. Since July 1 it has despatched \$38,000,000, nearly all of it in small notes to the South and West for the purpose of moving the crops. The banks lend this cash to the farmers on whatever they grow, and thus the products of the field are harvested and shipped.

Speaking of the redemption of paper money, a very novel and interesting application was made the other day to the division of the Treasury which has this business in hand. The story, as it came out, was as follows:

An ingenious youth employed to sweep out a New fork bank devoted attention for a considerable period to gathering up the crumbs from the tills in the shape of corners and other bits of notes such as get torn off and fall atout in any place where dollars are counted. In the course of time he got together a quantity of scraps of the sort sufficient to fill a pint measure, and he sent them on to the Redemption Burcau at Washington in a box, with the explanation that they had been eaten by mice. He stated the amount at \$200, and asked for new bills in exchange. His little game was botrayed on the face of it by the fact that the pieces forwarded represented, if anything, not less than \$1.000. The usual affidavit was demanded from him, swearing to his loss; but he had not thought of that requirement and looked the nerve to give it, luckly for himself.

Undoubtedly the redemption division does sometimes got swindled, though not of tan. The women experts employed to examine the money sent in are wonderfully skilful. It is maryellous how defly they will poke over a few charred fragments of notes and eccurate valuation upon them. The other day a poor woman in O

amount represented. Of course, such a case is bopeless. It is usually a kitchen-st-ve catastrophe.

Kitchen stoves burn up more cash every year than is lost in any other one way. People will confide their hoa-ds to them for hiding, and when they are lighted the greenbacks go up in smoke. The greatest sum ever consumed by fire in this country was \$1.00,000. This amount went up in smoke at the Sub-Treasury, but the Government was able to replace it at the cost of paper and printing. It has been estimated that one per cent. of all the paper money issued is lost or destroyed. Of the old fractional currency it is reckned that \$3,000,000 has been totally lost.

A few days ago an old colored man from across the Potomac in Virginia brought to the Treasury an extraordinary looking lump of metal. He said that it was a lot of sliver dollars, halves, and quarters, which he had put in a tin can some years back and hidden in the stone wall of a barn by removing a stone and plastoring up the orifice. When recently he took out the box, he found that trickling water had rusted it almost away, covering the coins with toxide of iron and sticking them togetheg in a mass. Assistant Treasurer Whelpley had the lump put into acid and treated with lye and sawdust, so that the sliver pieces came out as pretty and bright as when they were minted, and the old man carried them away dollighted.

One day this week a \$5 note on the National Bank of lihode Island at Newport came in for redemption. On the face it looked quite now, but the back was washed perfectly clean, so that not a mark was left on it. The joke of it is that the Bureau of Engraving adopted the brown back for such bills on the ground that it could not be washed off, as the green back can be. It was intended in this way to prevent counterfeitors from procuring Treasury paper by rendering notes of small denominations blank with acids and printing big ones on them. This is the first time that confidence in the indelibility of the brown ink has been disturbed. Even the seal on th

"It is good, I assure you," replied Mr. Casilear.
"I don't believe it," said the clark.
"Very well," rejoined Mr. Casilear. "It doesn't matter, though I know it is good, because I made it myself."
The clerk smiled sardonically.
"That is just what occurred to me," he said.
"Therefore I refused to accept it."
Mr. Casilear felt that the joke was on himself, so he treated himself to a bottle of sods water at the bar and left for Washington thas evening.

A Bog Fight is a Cemetery Vault.

From the Section Hersis.

Fall, River, Oct. 20.—A few days ago there was completed for the Rev. Father Masterson's parishioners at Somerset a tomb in the cemetery in the southwestern part of the town. It is built of cobblestones and has a slated real. Inside there is room enough to accommodate twenty or more persons. Saturday night or early Sunday morning two dozen sports took possession of the tomb and pulled off a fight between a brindle and a white building. The fight lasted an hour and the brindle dog won. The stakes were \$25 a side, and much money changed hands on the result. Two ordinary barn lanterns farmlehed light for the fight.